

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXIV. }

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. II. No 9.



FOX AND YOUNG.

* For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 116.)

CHAPTER XII. — *Good and Bad People.*



FTER a few days the good Dr. Pollock (for that was the surgeon's name) allowed Raphael to go out in the daylight. The early morning hour was chosen for the walk.

The lark sang in the sky, and white doves flew hither and thither. Flocks of ducks and geese wandered with their little ones down to the sparkling waters of the small lake. Here, whole fields of blue flowers looked like an azure sea; and there, a field of dandelions gleamed like a floor of solid gold. Shady lindens and maples lined the road.

Raphael was filled with wonder; and at nothing so much as at the thousand dew-drops that hung from every leaf and blade, and sparkled like precious stones in the rising sun. They appeared like little brilliants of red, green, white, and yellow, and changing at every instant.

"Oh!" said Raphael, "you never told me of this wonderful thing before. Did you mean to keep it a secret? Such joy I could never picture to myself, and you have enjoyed it already for so long!"

The mother and daughter were almost ashamed. The frequency of the sight had hardened them to its beauty. Only when we are deprived of a thing for a time, do we seem to realize its true worth and appreciate the daily miracle. It was a wonder, too, to Raphael to see the castle trees mirrored

again on the surface of the clear lake; and how he seemed to see the picture far, far down in the waters, and to watch the hundreds of little fishes dart upwards to seize the bread crumbs thrown to them.

Just as Raphael was watching the fish, Dr. Pollock passed by, in conversation with a stranger gentleman. Raphael ran joyfully to meet him, and kissed his hand.

"Oh," he said, "you do not know how happy you have made me!"

"How so? What's this?" said the stranger.

Before the surgeon could answer, Mrs. Tuba exclaimed gratefully, "The good doctor has restored my son's sight."

"Eh, eh, Pollock!" said the stranger, who was no other than the prince, "Why did you keep such a secret from me? Wouldn't you allow me to share your joy at your success?"

The doctor was silent.

"And so, my brave little boy, you are happy that you can see; and you have reason to be. Have you no further wish?"

"None," said Raphael, "except that I want to be grateful always to the good doctor, and live to reward him."

"Brave boy!" said the prince, "let me take your place." With these words, he embraced the surgeon, and said: "In the name of this child I thank you; and in remembrance I beg you to wear this." The prince drew from his finger a costly ring and reached it to his physician, who could scarcely find words to thank him.

"I," said the prince, "can pour out my silver; but you can restore sight to the blind, and truly help my people."

He gave Mrs. Tuba ten ducats, and passed along down the castle walk.

When the mother was again alone with her children, she said: "There are so many more good people in the world than bad

ones! We particularly, I think, have found that out. Master Tanzer, the Court Secretary and his family, Dr. Pollock, and now the prince, — they have all helped us in our need; and only one has sought to injure us, — the apprentice boy."

"O mother, mother!" cried Magdalene excitedly, pointing down the nearest street, "there he is, there he is!"

"Who is?" said her mother.

"The apprentice."

And so it was surely. His hands were bound behind him, and a number of others were chained in a line with him, and all guarded by soldiers.

"What crime have these men committed?" asked Mrs. Tuba of a bystander.

"They are smugglers, and have brought stolen goods over the border. They have fought, too, with the soldiers, and are now being carried to prison," was the answer.

"See," said Mrs. Tuba, "how the wicked are punished, sooner or later! But how could he come among smugglers?"

"Oh," said Magdalene, "Master Tanzer sent him away after Christmas, on account of his wicked stories, and because he sold wares behind his back and kept the money; and so it was easy, I should think, to go one step further and become a smuggler. Oh, if we could only do something for Master Tanzer!"

"Yes; and for the Court Secretary too," added Raphael. The opportunity came sooner than they expected.

The next day they all went to an exchange broker's to change the ducats, in order to pay their rent; and, as the mother was thus engaged, the two children wandered round the room. In one of the cases Magdalene saw a watch and chain, which to her great astonishment she recognized as one belonging to Master Tanzer. She told her mother quietly of her discovery.

"You must be mistaken, my child," she said; "how could his watch and chain be here in Teplitz?"

"But I know it is," said Magdalene. "I know it by the curious chain and seal, and the stag on the cover. He prizes it very highly, because it belonged to his grandfather. Oh, buy it, mother! The apprentice has most likely stolen it from him and sold it here."

The mother was persuaded, and the purchase at last effected; and from this time Magdalene could scarcely wait for the time when they should return to their old home, that she might have the pleasure of restoring Mr. Tanzer's property to him again. Mrs. Tuba longed too for her home; her sufferings were gone, she could walk again, and she pined for some employment. Raphael wanted to see his Hans; and when they assured him that he would find the beautiful sun and moon and stars, the blooming flowers and trees and lakes, in his own land beyond the mountains as well as here, he too was willing to leave lovely Teplitz, where he had first seen all the beauty of the earth and sky.

The last day of the next week was fixed for their journey home.

For The Dayspring.

FAMOUS ENGLISH ABBEYS.

"An abbey is a *series of buildings* adapted for the accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons, subject to the government of an abbot or abbess."

"The cloister is a covered arcade forming part of the establishment, surrounding the inner quadrangular area of the buildings, with numerous large windows looking into this court-yard. These cloisters served as passages of communication between the dif-

ferent buildings; sometimes they were used for the recreation of the inmates of the establishment, and sometimes as places of study." Milton says:—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale."

FURNESS ABBEY.

The ruins of this abbey are entitled to the first place among the relics of antiquity in England. The abbey is in Furness, that part of the county of Lancashire which is separated by an arm of the Irish Sea from the rest of the county; but the estuary can be crossed on foot at low water. This is a wild, rugged region, stored with iron ore and slate, and covered with underwood, which is made into charcoal for the use of the furnaces for smelting the iron.

Furness Abbey was founded not long after William the Conqueror had subdued England; for Stephen, a French Earl of Mortain and Boulogne, and afterwards King of England, endowed it in 1127. The Cistercian monks, who then removed here from Amounderness, came originally from Normandy. It was endowed with rich domains, secured by the charters of twelve successive kings and by the bulls of divers popes. The abbot was invested with great privileges, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole district; even the military were in some degree dependent upon him.

The situation of the abbey gave a warlike consequence to the monks, who erected a watch-tower on a hill overlooking all Low-Furness and the arm of the sea, thus enabling them to signal to the people the approach of an enemy.

The church and cloisters were encompassed with a wall; and a space of ground containing eighty-five acres was surrounded by another wall, which enclosed the abbey mills, kilns, ovens, &c.

The ruins are of a pale red stone, changed by time and weather to a dusky brown; and are covered everywhere by climbing plants and richly tinted foliage.

The church is two hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, the walls in some places fifty-four feet high and five feet thick. The windows and arches are of unusual loftiness. The east window has been taken out, and placed in Bowness Church. The design of this window represents the Crucifixion, with St. George and the Virgin Mary; beneath are figures of a knight and his lady, surrounded by monks; and at the top are the arms of England and of France.

In the south wall of the chancel are four canopied stalls for the use of the clergy during mass. Towards the west end of the church are two prodigious masses of stones, being the ruins of the vast tower. Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular columns, which were of ponderous size.

Furness Abbey was dissolved in 1537, during the reign of Henry VIII.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Among the most attractive scenery of Yorkshire, England, is Studley Park, the seat of Earl de Grey and Ripon, in the grounds of which stand the magnificent ruins of Fountains Abbey.

The cause of the foundation of this abbey is curious. The Cistercian abbey of Rievall, in York, attracted great attention from the sanctity of its inmates; and some monks of the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary's, at York, became desirous of adopting the same rules, and withdrawing from their convent. This was opposed by their abbot; but after many difficulties they succeeded in having certain lands assigned them by the archbishop, three miles west of Ripon, at a site called Skell Dale, from the name of the riv-

ulet which runs through it, which signifies a fountain.

The first name of the abbey was Skeldale; but, as the monks wrote in Latin, they termed it *De Fontibus*, or *Of Fountains*, and the latter title was preserved.

The monks chose the prior from St. Mary's for their abbot, and retired to the wilderness of Skeldale in the depth of winter, without any house to cover them or provisions on which to subsist. In the midst of the dale stood a large *elm*, on which they placed a thatch of straw, and under this they slept, ate, and prayed; the archbishop supplying them for a time with bread; and the stream, with drink. They soon quitted this shelter of the elm for that of seven yew-trees growing on the site where the abbey now stands; the trunk of one of these yew-trees being twenty-six feet in circumference. Here a shed was erected to serve as a chapel.

The numbers of the monks increased, and also their privations, so that the leaves of trees and wild herbs, boiled with salt, became their food. They suffered severe hardships for a few years, and had decided to leave the place, when the Dean of York desired that, after his death, his body and all his wealth should be carried to Skeldale Abbey; and other benefactions soon followed. From this small beginning the establishment became extremely rich in land, cattle, and plate.

In A.D. 1204 the foundations of the present church, now in ruins, were laid, and the fabric was completed in about forty years.

Fountains Abbey, with its appendages, covered sixty-two acres, two of which are occupied by the present ruins. The length of the church is 358 feet; and the Great Tower at the north end of the transept is still standing, 166 feet in height. The central tower has fallen. The walls of the abbot's house are in great part standing, and his magnificent dining-room is distinctly traceable,

with portions of its splendid double colonnade. There are, also, the chapter house, over which was the library and scriptorium, or writing-room; the refectory, or dining-room, on one side of which is the high little gallery, where the Scriptures were read to the monks during meals; the cloisters, three hundred feet long, and the dormitory, or sleeping apartments, over them; and the kitchen with its two fireplaces, each fifteen feet wide.

The cloisters, divided by columns and arches, extend across the rivulet, which is arched over to support them, and are dimly lighted by lancet windows. Near the south end is a circular stone basin, eighteen feet in circumference.

The ruins are all unroofed, shattered, and dismembered. The walls are heavily festooned with ivy; the brook that turned the abbey mill winds murmuring among the displaced flagstones; and venerable yews, beeches, and sycamores curtain all the avenues.

The abbey was dissolved in 1540, during the reign of Henry VIII., and the buildings have laid in ruins for more than three hundred years.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may his name
Be said with reverence), as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,
Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck, beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again,—
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah, me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh! grand, supreme, endeavor! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life, the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

Independent.

For The Dayspring.

THE FLYING LESSON.

Two little birds built their nest last spring on a maple-tree just in front of my piazza. The nest was near the end of a long limb, and was so hidden by the leaves that it would not have been noticed but for the birds flying back and forth. The limb bent down so that the nest was about eight feet from the ground. All my family enjoyed the company of the little birds very much. Once in a while we would get the step-ladder, and look into the nest. First there was one, then two, then three, then four, as pretty little eggs as ever were seen; and afterwards four little birdies.

One morning the latter part of July, as we came out upon the piazza, the old birds were in a great fright. They were screaming to the top of their notes; and darting down, almost striking the head of poor pussy, who had ventured up to take a look about the lawn. What did it all mean? We sent pussy away, and the birds became calm. Soon we heard some little chirps from the

mother-bird, as if she were saying, "All right now." Then she flew down and just grazed the top of the grass, and up again to another tree. Just where she flew so low, we soon saw two little fluttering wings come up out of the grass and go down again. Then we knew what was going on. Here was a little birdie taking his first lesson in flying. No wonder you were not wanted, Miss Pussy! Had your sharp eyes seen the fluttering wings, the flying lesson would soon have come to a sad end!

Little birdie would keep flying up, and getting along a few inches in the air, and the father and mother birds kept encouraging him. Their cheerful chirp seemed to say, "That's it!" "That was brave!" "Now, once more!" "Soon you can fly away up into the air as we do!" Then they would fly right over his head and chirp, "There, do like this!" "See, how easy!" Little birdie saw it was easy enough for them, but somehow his body was too heavy for his wings, and down it would come. Then they flew away from him a little, and kept still that he might rest. In a few minutes one of the birds flew down to him with a nice green worm, which he ate with good relish, and then was ready to try again. How he did try, and how the old birds did fly around him, showing him just how to do it! But he could only get up a few inches, and go along a foot or two, at a time.

Now let us watch the lesson as it goes on. The little birdie gets near the edge of the wall; and the next time he tries to fly, down he goes into the street. The old birds are frightened again; and still more alarmed when a boy comes along and catches their little one. But he takes birdie up tenderly, and gives him to me. I carry birdie to the other side of the lawn, and put him on a flower-basket. The old birds are calm again, and little birdie takes a start from his high

stand, and what a fly he makes! Almost twenty feet! Away down into the garden, just under a pear-tree! The old birds fly into the pear-tree, and chirp cheerfully, as if that was a smart thing.

Little birdie now has another worm, and keeps still a long while. The old birds fly off, here and there; and every once in a while come back to him with a cheerful chirp, to let him know they are on the lookout and every thing is right. They don't know it, but Miss Pussy is shut up in the cellar. She is not to have her paw in what is going on, — the old birds may be sure of that!

Now, after a good rest, comes the great feat of the day! Little birdie must fly up into the pear-tree! About six inches from the ground the trunk divides into two branches; about two feet further up one of the branches divides again; and six inches higher a little twig grows out from one of the large branches. Let us see how little birdie is going to get up to that little twig.

Up he goes, and down he comes again! It is much harder to fly right up straight than it is off a little, birdie finds. He gets up four inches, five inches; but cannot reach the crotch of the tree. He is not going to give up. The mother flies down to him and then up again, to show him how it is done. He takes breath, and then a good spring! Yes; he catches his little claws in the bark, and there he is in the crotch of the tree! No rest yet. His motto is, "Higher!" There is a big distance for him to fly, but the branch slants off a little; maybe that will help him. Up he goes: he almost holds himself there by clinging to the bark; but his little feet now slip, and down he goes, not only to the crotch, but to the ground. Poor birdie, all that he gained lost!

But down come the old birds to encourage him. "Try again! Try again!" they chirp.

Birdie does try again. Up he goes into the crotch. A little rest, and up he goes again. But his little feet will not cling hard enough, and down he comes. He saves himself this time at the crotch. One more effort! He gets almost high enough, but not quite. Another slip, and there he is on the ground. It is too bad! But birdie is not going to give up. He takes a long rest. Now he is all ready for another trial. How easy he reaches the crotch! Surely, I am growing strong, he thinks. The old birds chirp to encourage him. Now for the best spring I have ever made, he says to himself. See, he holds so that he can climb to the next crotch! But it is not a good place; he cannot rest there. Another spring! He reaches a leaf growing down from the twig. How he clings to it! Oh, if it comes off! But, no; up he goes, and there he is perched on the twig! He has done it! Down comes the mother-bird, and puts in his mouth the nicest green worm she could find in the whole garden. What a joyful time it was! Birdie may some day fly to the top of the highest tree, and beyond far up into the blue sky. But he will never do any thing that will seem so big as what he has just done!

How long birdie stayed upon that twig I do not know. He had good teachers. They did not wish to urge him too hard and overtask his strength. The lesson evidently closed there. Birdie did not move from his perch. I began to read my book, and read an hour. Still birdie did not move. I had to go to town, and so knew not what took place afterwards. But birdie had another lesson in the course of the day; for, when I came home towards night, he was perched on the big tree right over his nest. He could not have got there without some very smart flying.

Will my young readers, when they have hard things to do, and begin to feel they

cannot do them, remember the flying lesson : how the little birdie persevered, and what he did ?

HOW TO SPELL CAT.

AN old army surgeon, who was very fond of a joke if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess, when a great wag remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the officers : —

" Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain G. ? "

" Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor, " but what of him ? " " Nothing in particular," replied the officer ; " I've just received a letter from him, and I'll wager you can't guess in five guesses how he spells cat."

" Done," said the doctor, " it's a wager." " Well, commence guessing," said the officer. " K-a-double-t." " No." " K-a-t-e." " No, try again." " C-a-t-e." " No, you have missed it again." " Well, then," returned the doctor, " C-a-double-t." " No, that's not the way ; try it again,—it's your last guess." " C-a-g-h-t." " No," said the wag, " that's not the way ; you have lost the wager." " Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, " how does he spell it ? " " Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag, with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess.

" A MAN'S true wealth is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, the important question is not, 'How much property has he left behind ?' But rather, 'What good deeds has he sent on before ?' "

" A HANDFUL of good life is worth a bushel of learning," said an English divine.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks ;
They beat all the aunts in creation ;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's"
To let a boy have a good time ;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies,—a whole row in the cellar ;
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken pies for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, " Ah, these boys will be boys !

" Life is only so short at the best ;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last ;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night ;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose ;
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

Little Sower.

" THE greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.



THE DONKEY RIDE.

THE DONKEY RIDE.

MANY of our little readers have spent some part of their vacation on the sea-shore. How, sometimes, the great waves would come rolling in! And then, again, how calm and smooth the blue water would be! What fun they have had on the sandy beach, digging little wells, making pictures, writing names, finding shells, and picking up the pretty mosses washed up by the waves.

At one of the hotels on the coast, there was a well-behaved donkey that the children used to ride. He did not like to go very fast. Donkeys never do. They are not racers. But he would go along at his own pace just where the little riders wished, and bring them back safe to the hotel.

I knew a donkey once that did not know how to behave. If a boy got on his back, sometimes he would stand still, and nobody could make him take a single step. Another time, he would start off on a run and then suddenly stop, and away would go the boy over his head! That kind of donkey would not do for children to ride. He is only good to draw a cart.

But this donkey at the hotel never played any tricks upon his little riders. So the mothers were willing

their children should ride him. One day it was Mabel's turn to ride. A boy brought up the donkey all ready for her. She got on, and off jogged the donkey. But the boy came along with a stick, and struck him to make him go fast. That grieved Mabel. She could not bear to have the donkey hurt. So she stopped, and told the boy he must not strike again.

The donkey seemed to understand it. He started off very briskly for him, when Mabel told him to go, and a fine ride he gave her.

FOXES.

THE young of foxes are not so pretty as little roly-poly kittens. They have a funny look, with their sharp noses, little stubbed ears, and pointed tails. Like kittens and puppies, they have a good time playing together; and sometimes the old mother-fox unbends herself, and has a good play with them.

Foxes have their homes in the ground. They will burrow out a deep hole, with chambers to live in and to store their food in. They will have two or three holes leading to these underground chambers, so that if one gets stopped up they can get out or in by another. "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," said Jesus to the man who would follow him wherever he went.

In the day-time foxes generally stay in their holes, or in the dark thickets, coming out mostly at night in pursuit of prey. They eat rabbits, and such small animals as they

can catch in the woods and fields. They are very fond of chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese. The farmer does not like foxes for neighbors. They come prowling around his premises in the night, and if they can get at his hens and turkeys, they make short work with them. Sometimes in the day, if the hens stray away towards the woods, some fox will watch slyly for them and crawl along slowly in the grass till he gets near enough for a spring. Then some hen suddenly finds herself in the fox's mouth, and is carried off into the woods, where Master Reynard has a good meal, not troubling himself about the feathers or the cooking.

Foxes like some kinds of fruit. They are very fond of grapes, and in some countries make great havoc in the vineyards. Solomon's Song speaks of the "little foxes that spoil the vines." All have heard the fable of "The Fox and the Grapes." Reynard saw the big luscious bunches. How his mouth did water for them! But they were too high for him. He could not reach them with all his jumping. So he very coolly calls "the grapes sour," and concludes he does not want them.

The fox has the reputation of being very cunning. He makes use of various expedients to catch his prey. When he is hunted very closely, and finds there is no hope of escape, he sometimes makes believe he is dead. Then you can take him up, throw him around, kick him, and he will not show the least sign of life. But if he is left to himself, he springs up and makes off for the woods with great speed.

Sometimes "cunning" is used with a good meaning. Formerly it was so used much more than now. A *cunning*-workman was a skilful workman. But, as applied to the fox, *cunning* has a bad meaning; that is, denotes a bad trait of character. It means sly, artful, deceitful, pretending to be innocent, but

watching for opportunities to do evil; just the opposite to *frank*, honest, straightforward. "Ezekiel said of the prophets of Israel in his time that they were like 'the foxes in the desert';" and Jesus called Herod Antipas a "fox."

No doubt the fox has many good qualities; and perhaps it is not treating him fairly to make him stand for a trait of character very much despised in men. We will think of him as well as we can, but will be very careful to have nothing of the quality called *foxy* in our natures.

RHODY DENDRON.

[Many readers of the "Dayspring" saw the beautiful "Rhododendron Show" on Boston Common in June. All of them will like what "A. D. W." said of "Rhody" in the "Boston Transcript."]

LITTLE Rhody Dendron

Has come up to town,
In her new spring bonnet
And her ruffled gown.

Trooping o'er the Common
With her pretty cousins,
Sisters, and sweethearts,
And kin-folk by the dozens.

How can the bobolink
Get along without her?
The sparrows in the elm-trees
Are giddy-mad about her.

Let not envious ball clubs
Bluster and abuse her;
Not a city father
Ever could refuse her.

There are dames in crimson satin,
And belles in pink bedight;
But "Minnie" is the graduate,
All in spotless white.

Just when the school-girls
Toil for exhibition,
Rhody comes to Boston
On her flower mission.

She toils not, she spins not,
 She cannot read nor spell;
 But she takes the prize for beauty,
 So heed her lessons well.

And, little faded school-girls,
 A few more weary weeks,
 Then hie away with Rhody,
 And paint your lips and cheeks.

A. D. W.

For The Dayspring.

LETTER FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

WEST BOOTH BAY, Me., Aug. 25, 1873.

Dear Little Dayspring Folks:—

WOULD you like to hear from me? Well, I am sojourning upon the sea-coast of Maine, and only wish some of my little readers could be near and enjoy themselves as I do. I am close by the wave-breaking waters, the sail-boats, fish-boats, trim little yachts, jaunty steamers, and white-winged vessels that go skimming up and down the harbor day after day. I am stopping at a house that has the water on every side, save one. Now wouldn't you little pent-up city children, and you brown-cheeked lads and lassies, away up among the cattle and mountains, delight in such rambles as I can take over these rocks, and among the spicy groves of spruce and fir? I'd love to take a dozen of you and go off for a long ramble on the sea-shore, and see you climb the gray rocks, and laugh in glee at the waves playfully dashing at your feet! Don't you think you could enjoy a nice sail or row down to some of the many islands scattered like green emeralds upon the blue water?

How eagerly your tiny feet would patter after the little shells scattered along the beach! and how blue your lips would be because of the berries we would gather in the cool woods! and how the wind would tangle your hair! How your merry laugh

would ring out, till I'm quite sure I should catch your joy, and get to thinking I am a happy child again.

I think you would be a little afraid to see the wee bareheaded children who live here, playing upon the very margin of the water without fear. The waves come up and kiss their dirty little toes, and sometimes splash their frocks too, and they laugh as happily as ever you laughed. I am told no child is drowned in thus playing, but I must confess I feel a little anxious for them sometimes.

Hundreds of children from city homes are in this town, and upon the many islands down the harbor, and are taking their fill of enjoyment. I doubt not some of the same little eyes will look over this after it is printed.

I think you might be a little afraid to take some of the rides that I do; for if I must confess it, I was considerably so until after I had been up and down the huge hills and around the dangerous sweeps of rock many times.

One sight at but a short distance from my window, I think might puzzle my little girl readers, and mightily please the little boys. What do you think it is? Can't guess? Then I must tell you.

It is two vessels away up out of water, and if you were here, you might walk around their huge bodies and touch their great black ribs. You might touch the anchors and handle the ropes, and then by ascending a long ladder you could go on board, stand at the wheel, where poor sailors must stand hours and hours whether the voyage be through cold or hot weather. You could go down into the cabin and see where the captain and officers live, and into the salt-smelling fore-castle, where the sailors live. You might wander all about the ships with no fear of danger or sea-sickness.

Can you guess where they are? They are

upon what is called a cradle, and are hauled in it upon the land, to be painted or repaired.

The cradle is nothing like the one you little folks used to rock in, although the vessel sits in it something as you would sit in a cradle. It is drawn up on a sort of railroad, called a Marine Railway.

I wonder if you wouldn't like to go down to the shore at low tide and search for holes in the sand, and dig down to find the clumsy lobsters that taste so nice when cooked.

I wonder if you would not like to go down upon the bridge very near here, and catch such nice fish as I have caught. I know you would like to come and would feel as sorry to leave as I do.

I suppose you will be returning to your schools very soon, and I sincerely hope you have been out into the green country, or by the cool sea-shore, and are refreshed and ready for the next term, and will improve every opportunity. Promising you a letter next month from another place by the seaside, with the kindest hopes for you all, I am as ever, your friend,

C. DORA NICKERSON.

For The Dayspring.

"THE PINE-NEEDLE HOUSE."

BY C. D. NICKERSON.

My nephew Eddie, a boy of seven, repeatedly begged me last Saturday to go up and see his "pine-needle house," so when I had found leisure I followed him and my little cousin Della to the woods.

Now I presume many of my little readers, who never saw the country, do not know what I mean by a "pine-needle house," so I will tell you. Down here, on good old Cape Cod, we have large groves of pine-trees.

The pine-tree does not have broad leaves

like the oak and elm, but they are long and pointed at the end, looking very much like long green darning needles. They all stick closely to the branches, and are green all the year. But every autumn the older needles turn yellow and fall to the ground, where they turn a handsome russet brown. Every prudent housekeeper has many barrels raked up and stored away in the fall, to light fires with through the winter and spring; for they kindle easily and are better than shavings, beside being free to any one who will take the trouble to rake them up. What do you think of that, little city folks who have to pay for every thing?

But I was to tell you about the house, wasn't I?

Well, he had raked piles of the "pine pins" (as some people call them), and little Della had helped him to lay them all around for a house, just as you have seen masons lay the brick underpinning of houses. The house was about two feet and a half high. It was partitioned off into nice large rooms, and in the kitchen was a fireplace.

I wish you might see it, but I'll tell you the best that I can. A hole was dug in the ground, and lined with little stones; two sticks with a crotch at the top of each were placed over this hole, about a foot apart, and a stick was laid across, reaching from one crotch to the other, and on it hung a pine-ball cone.

Now what do you think that was for? Why its strange that you can't guess. It was the *teakettle*, to be sure. Nobody goes to keeping house without a teakettle. A pine needle was bent and stuck into either side for a bail, and a half-one stuck in for a spout. Another cone sat before the fire with a pine-needle handle instead of bail.

In a pine-needle cupboard were bits of pretty china and broken glass, and this served for breakfast, dinner, and tea ser-

vice. In another was a cushion of the same with a covering of the green moss taken from the trees, and on it, — what do you think? Some birds' nests.

Yes, but they had not robbed any birds. Eddie had found some nests which the birds lived in last year, and now needed no longer. He is from the great bustling city of Chicago, and birds' nests are very interesting to him.

There were very comfortable sofas and chairs all along on the sides of the house, and near the door Master Eddie had set out two large branches of spruce, which made a handsome appearance.

Eddie and Della had planted a garden for flowers outside the door, and it seemed to me they were keeping house as nicely as grown folks. And what do you think Eddie was hoping? Why, that some bird would come and live in some one of his nests, and they were both looking ahead to the pleasure of watching them.

Of course, no bird, except that notorious "lazy bird," will come, for birds like better to build their own homes. But what do you think I thought of most, as I turned away from their cunning little pine-needle home?

It brought back to me the pine-needle houses I had built time and again when I was a child, and it was sweet to remember; but sweeter was it to me to see in those children no wish to take the nests of this year's make.

CLOUD AND SUNBEAM.

"ANOTHER dark, dreary, drizzling day," said Lucy, in a peevish tone; "'tis enough to drive one distracted. Such noise and confusion in the house as there will be. The boys can't go out to play; the girls will not enjoy their dolls or pictures; and Bridget is cross as can be with so many under her feet. Oh, dear! I wish the sun would shine;

a rainy day is terrible." And Lucy fretted and complained, till not only herself, but all around her felt tired and ill-humored.

Right across the street lived another Lucy, who that same morning ran to the window to look out as soon as she awoke. "Oh!" said she, pleasantly, "I don't think I shall have any rival to-day; but I'll try to bring sunshine into the nursery, and see how pleasant I can make it." Downstairs she went, her cheery "Good-morning!" awakening a glad response in all who heard it. Baby laughed and crowed; little Alice had a fine tea-party with her dolls; Tommy got his kite nicely rigged; then both joined in catching fish with a magnetic hook; while Jane and George never before found so interesting a chapter in history. Even Catherine, wearied as she was with the day's labor, looked up with a smile whenever Lucy came near.

"Sure, and ye are the brightest sunbeam I've seen this many a day," she said. "I've known a whole house full of repining and discontent simply because the sky was cloudy, and there wasn't a single sunbeam to thaw the chilliness indoors. But, faith! 'tis no such thing here. Rainy days are the sunniest, I do believe."

Little reader, which have you been to-day, — a cloud or a sunbeam? If the former, will you not resolve henceforth to check the petulant word, the forbidding frown, and impatient gesture; and be kind, cheerful, and obliging? Do this, and always try to be a *sunbeam*.

A. A. B.

"ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt: Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

"WORDS learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

Words and Music by F. W. WEBBER.

Legato.

Our lov - ing Fa - ther, as we meet, Ac - cept the gifts our young hearts bring, Ac -

cept the prayer our lips re - peat, Ac - cept the song we sing; And

let our prayer be so sin - cere, Our song so full of love, That

an - gels will bow down to hear, And e - cho them a - bove.

Far more than we can offer thee
 We ask that we may take away, —
 More love, more truth, that we may be
 More truly thine each day;

Then with thy love our hearts inspire,
 Our minds with wisdom fill,
 And strengthen daily our desire
 To be thy children still.

“OH, DID YOU KNOW IT
 WAS ME?”

A LITTLE ragged boy stood with his face pressed close to a pane of glass, gazing earnestly at the toys displayed in the win-

dow. His hands were loosely clasped behind his back, with the palms turned upward. A lady noticed the little earnest face as she too paused a moment before the tempting show. Then, quietly dropping as many cents into

the little hands as they could hold, she passed on.

The moment the boy felt their touch he turned, and caught sight of the pocket-book in the hand of the retreating lady. Running after her, he looked up earnestly in her face, and said, "O ma'am! did you know it was me?"

Evidently he thought she had mistaken him for some little friend.

"Yes," said the lady, smiling, "I knew it was you;" and the child bounded away with a face radiant with happiness.

American Messenger.

THOROUGHNESS.

"WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" that is, do it *thoroughly*. If work is to be done so as to give satisfaction, it must be done thoroughly. Nothing must be slurred over, nothing left to chance. Your whole energy must be thrown into it; your thoughts must be given to it; your labor must be given to it. Never let any work leave your hands till you can in truth and honor say you have done your best, your *very best*. Thoroughness is a hard virtue, but it pays. British Workman.

THE BEST WAY TO PREACH.

"I AM going to preach the gospel," said Tommy.

"You will never know enough for that," said his brother.

"Then I will be good, and show them what God likes us to be," said Tommy, humbly.

Yes, indeed; we can all do that. It is the best preaching in the world.

Scattered Seeds.

"FORGIVENESS is the best revenge."

"THE more haste, the worse speed."

Puzzles.

19.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I HELP to make for you the printed line;
To me the fields their golden wealth resign;
From me went out the faithful one of old;
At night, to rest I call the soldier bold;
With me all great and worthy lives are crowned.
Find these,—the two you seek are quickly found.
One is of God, of men the life and light,
And drives the other from its presence bright.

20.

CHARADE.

My first is a spirit small;
My second comes last of all;
My whole is what misfortune does,
When just about to fall.

ANN ARBOR, Mich.

21.

SQUARE WORD.

The first you must be sure to improve; the second people who think always have; the third is often skilfully made without hands; the fourth is a fruit.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

17.—Vacation.

18.—OBEY

B A L E

E L L A

Y E A R.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy . . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.